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By DONALD MALCOLM

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Washington Wire

Creeping Recession

HOW PROSPEROUS is America? Less so, we believe, than it seems. A troubled Administration seems to be angling for a recession. It produced one, unintentionally, in 1953-54, and should be able to repeat the feat by design if it chooses to do so. Indeed, nothing is further from reality than the Administration picture of unexampled economic well-being and its old-fashioned explanation of why living costs go up—because “too many dollars are chasing too few goods.” The oddity of this new and dangerous economic situation is that goods are really plentiful—very few things are in short supply.

Why, then, don't prices come down? Ah, that is the problem! One reason is that the new corporate monsters are able to defer the law of supply and demand. The oil industry jacked up prices during Suez and now has a surplus of supply, but it is so rich it can afford to hold the line—at least for a while. US Steel puts up its prices; it is not producing to capacity, but the prices which it sets for the steel industry do not come down. They are what Gardiner Means called “administered prices.” They are not in the same spot as Farmer Jones who must take what he can get for his corn or lose his farm.

For more than six months now the economy has been moving sidewise, crab-like. For a nation that has expanding population and must run fast just to stay still, this slow-down is dangerous—perhaps the most dangerous thing in the country today. On the one hand, prices are creeping up—the cost of living has risen every month except August, 1956, for the past 16 months. On the other hand, over-all economic activities are slowing down. Here are examples of the latter: The volume of total national output has remained about the same for nine months. In-

dustrial production is smaller than it was nine months ago. Even so, the durable consumer goods being produced (refrigerators, autos) are not being sold at present high prices. Inventories are \$5 billion higher than a year ago, and there are indications that this is the result of unsold goods left in the warehouse. Again, as Sumner Slichter recently pointed out, although consumer income is growing, people are reluctant to spend it. This is fascinating because in most inflations people buy up goods in advance. Today everybody seems to be waiting for something. Is it for newer models—or maybe lower prices? “. . . The No. 1 economic problem of the country is not inflation,” Slichter says, “it is the problem of restoring expansion to the economy by persuading individuals to increase their spending.”

The Administration is giving an unrealistic picture of what is happening. Maybe it doesn't know better; it's been wrong before. In 1953 George Humphrey obstinately insisted “Truman inflation” was the danger and slapped on brakes that produced a real recession. Again Eisenhower boasted in his 1956 State of the Union Message that “Inflation has been halted; the cost of living stabilized.” How far away that sounds!

The Buyers Beware

THIS COLUMN does not denounce the Administration tight money policy as some of our friends do, but we do not think it is the panacea which the Treasury insists either. The alarming thing is that the Administration does not show the flexibility or imagination needed to cope with an explosive situation that could change dramatically overnight. It is the prisoner of its own shibboleths. It was frightening to hear Secretary Humphrey testify that the inflation was due to the “great prosperity” of the country, and that it is the “demand for all sorts of things that are exceeding supply” that is sending prices up. What

shortage? what goods? Senator Robert Kerr (D, Okla.) kept asking. Humphrey racked his brains. He could only think of “line pipe” for oil wells. The fact is that there are plenty of goods. The trouble is with demand. Prosperity has not been evenly distributed and some low-income families are holding back because they are broke; others are voluntarily holding back in what could possibly turn into a buyers' strike.

Our own belief is that the Administration money-managers are not stupid but are not being frank. They think a recession would put labor in its place, give us “healthy unemployment,” end the criticism of rising prices. They are not likely to say this publicly, but off-the-record there is little concealment of the hope that recession will come.

Reuther's Remedy

WALTER REUTHER has some free advice to offer on how to do something about sagging sales and inflation at the same time: cut auto prices \$100 per car. Sales will then pick up, Reuther says, and there will be more jobs for his Auto Workers. If the added volume doesn't make up for the lower profit per car, the union will agree in advance to take this into account when it comes time to bargain next year, he promises the companies. The union won't ask for any raise, IF—a big if—an impartial public committee decides the companies can't pay more and make a fair profit. This is an adroit plan to bring the public in on the pricing process. As it works now, when an industry raises prices, the usual thing is to announce that the unpleasant step is due to “higher wage costs” and let it go at that. No one ever seems to admit any more that anything is done just to get some more profit out of the profit system. If Reuther's plan were followed, industry would at least have to justify price increases to the public. Current Senate hearings on steel prices reveal that the industry claim that the recent \$6-a-ton increase in steel prices was “necessitated” by wage costs was only 50 percent true. By the industry's own figures, three dollars a ton more would have covered the higher costs. The other \$3-per-ton the companies will earn this year at the new price will just add to profits.

T.R.B.

The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION



SEPTEMBER 2, 1957

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Disarmament Doldrums

WHEN President Eisenhower announced August 22 a new, more generous American position on halting nuclear tests, East and West appeared to have come closer together than at any other time since the current disarmament talks began in London. Yet, paradoxically, the belief grows in both London and Washington that the Russians are backing away from any arms limitation agreement. Mr. Dulles reportedly has told the National Security Council that the USSR has no real interest in a first step accord. And a Russian spokesman in London has told the press that Mr. Stassen is too optimistic.

Even the pessimists grant, however, that there has been a genuine effort by both sides to be accommodating. To illustrate, when Stassen was called home from London last May 17 for a review of his instructions, the National Security Council ordered him to accept no ban on nuclear tests except as part of a comprehensive disarmament plan. But when Stassen resumed talks in London on June 2 and it became quickly apparent there could be no first step limitation if it did not include some provision for a suspension of tests, the US yielded partially and Stassen was authorized to propose a 10-month suspension, during which details for policing the agreement might be worked out.

The Russian negotiator thereupon contended, with some justification, that such a proposal would not affect the forthcoming Western series of tests, since they are usually scheduled a year apart; the Russian delegate asked that the test suspension be extended to two or three years. News reports from London say that Stassen at that time insisted that it must be ten months or nothing; to which the Russians replied by continuing their propaganda barrage around the world against continued nuclear explosions. Now, President Eisenhower has belatedly conceded that a two year halt to testing is permissible—so long as suspension is tied to cessation of the production of nuclear fuels for military uses—tied tightly, in fact, to all the innerconnected parts of Mr. Stassen's disarmament plan.

The Russians, it should be recalled, agreed on April 30 to a limited application of President Eisenhower's "open skies" inspection plan against surprise attack. Under the terms of that Russian offer all the European satellite nations, the Western fringe of Europe, the USSR and a portion of arctic Siberia would be open to Western aerial inspection in return for Communist overflights of seven Western European nations, the Western half of the US and Alaska. This was the most surprising and hopeful diplomatic news since the Geneva Summit Meeting of 1955. On June 14, the Russians went further and offered to open the Soviet Union to international ground inspection teams, armed with scientific equipment to detect nuclear tests, if the West would accept a worldwide two- to three-year suspension of all nuclear tests. It was to this proposal that Mr. Eisenhower has just replied. As of this date, then,

A Communication

► Caring for the Retarded Child

SIRS:

ARTHUR BESTOR in his *New Republic* article earlier this year on "Educating the Gifted Child" contended that the nation's "strength and security" depend on adequate schooling for our intellectual elite. I do not quarrel with this proposition, but if the progress of our civilization rests on the education we give the gifted child, the quality, or humaneness, of this civilization can be measured in the education and care accorded that least fortunate child—the mentally retarded.

There are 5 million mentally retarded children and adults in the US. More than 30 out of every 1,000 children born are, or become, mentally retarded. Three hundred are born every day. By comparison, rheumatic heart claims only seven for each one thousand of the population, cerebral palsy four, polio

(Continued on page 22)

the Western position rests on these recommendations:

(1) Conventional troops would be cut back to 2.5 million by the USSR and the US, to 750,000 by Britain and France, and proportionate quantities of weapons such as tanks and guns would be surrendered to a UN agency for impounding or destruction.

(2) Aerial and ground inspection teams would cover all of Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals, the Siberian Arctic, and all of North America, including the entire US, Canada and Alaska, or any fraction of these areas, provided there is an equitable exposure of areas to inspection by East and West.

(3) Nuclear tests would be suspended for two years, the suspension policed by international inspectors inside the Soviet Union, the US and the South Pacific testing grounds, but this suspension could be revoked at the end of one year if satisfactory progress were not made on point 4 below.

(4) The three nuclear powers would stop manufacturing nuclear fuel for military purposes. This cessation would be subject to rigid inspection. While it would have no immediate effect upon existing stockpiles, it would mean a freezing of the supply of military explosives at the present level, and eventually a transfer of military fuels to peacetime uses.

To arrive at this common program, some major political obstacles had to be overcome. West Germany had reluctantly to agree to inspection by Russian planes. France had to forego its ambition to become a nuclear power. Britain, with one H-bomb test, had to be willing to close out further experiments. But then Russia, too, had come a considerable way, accepting limited aerial inspection and the presence of foreign scientists on her soil. So much progress had been made, why have we now come to feel that further progress is unlikely?

THE most probable cause of the unmistakably harder Russian attitude during the past month is Western insistence that a first-step agreement must include a cut-off in the manufacture of nuclear fuel for military purposes, accompanied by appropriate inspection. This is the only Western proposal which the Russians have not accepted in principle. (The Russians favor banning nuclear production by *new* nuclear powers, but propose no limitation on manufacture by *existing* powers.)

Why should the Russians be so upset by the thought of a halt in military manufacture? Although Russia's stockpile of nuclear weapons is smaller than that of the US—some writers say one-tenth—have not the Russians sufficient weapons today to smash the economic plant of the US? The crux of Russian opposition appears to be the morbid fear of intrusion by outsiders. An inspection system which is comprehensive enough to detect any manufacture of fission products for military purposes would require international inspectors observing electric power distribution, steel allocations,

the national flow of other metals and chemicals, an audit of national expenditures and industrial manpower. But would not such an inspection procedure quickly lead to the breakdown of national secrecy, the exposure of the internal weaknesses of Communism, and eventually to the undermining of those internal controls which support the present Communist hierarchy?

Conceivably the Russian leaders came slowly to recognize their dilemma: that while nuclear war means national suicide and any "first steps" which make nuclear war more remote are thus to their advantage, a fool-proof inspection system might mean suicide of another sort—of Communist leadership itself in the USSR.

The next words at London must be the Russians'. But since only six weeks remain until delegates from 80 nations gather for the General Assembly debate on disarmament, the expectation is that the Russians will save their reply until it can be bounced against the sounding board of the UN headquarters in New York.

Great Day

TO Speaker Sam Rayburn the moment party leaders reached final agreement on a compromise civil rights bill was the most dramatic since Woodrow Wilson summoned Congress to declare war in 1917. Moderates of both parties share his feeling of triumph; it is assumed both houses will now accept the bill and the President will sign it. When they finally got down to the fine points of agreement on the controversial jury trial amendment, House and Senate leaders were thoroughly reasonable men. Both sides by then had decided that it would be politically risky to incur blame for blocking passage of some kind of right-to-vote law this year by arguing too long about the specific form it should take.

When the time comes to decide who gets the political credit—if any—for pushing through this first legal implementation of the 14th Amendment since the Civil War, it will be difficult to discover which party deserves

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the greater reward, for here was bipartisanship at its best. Only Vice President Nixon of all the men in Congressional high places had no part in the final negotiations. It probably was not difficult for the Democrats to persuade Senate Minority Leader Knowland that the Vice President's place is in the lofty presiding officer's chair, not in Committee back rooms.

A special word should be said for the good sense of the civil rights lobbyists. After years of wandering in the liberal wilderness, it is a wonder that they could recognize success—a beginning of it—when it came. The temptation surely was to continue to denounce "compromisers" who would accept less than what was due to all citizens. Roy Wilkins and other leaders of the NAACP deserve special appreciation for withstanding what to them must have been a double temptation to attack "half-a-loaf" liberals and thus reinforce their reputations for unswerving militancy with their members.

The Case Against Hoffa

IN HIS four-day televised encounter with the McClellan Rackets Committee, James R. Hoffa offered a fascinating glimpse into the mind of one who has fulfilled his own ideal of the modern man: a bountiful family provider, successful in his chosen occupation, commanding notice beyond his immediate circle. That he has attained this status by unadmirable means has not troubled Hoffa much until now.

Five previous Congressional investigations showed that Hoffa was never loath to stretch a point of ethics if it would advance the interest of himself or his Teamsters. In their inquiry the McClellan Committee produced 48 such cases of "questionable conduct" in Hoffa's personal business dealings or his associations with racketeers. The full indictment (see box, p. 6) reveals Hoffa as an habitual borrower of large sums from employers with whom he bargained for the Teamsters, from those to whom Teamsters locals had lent money or union employees who owed their jobs to him—all were personal loans, without notes, interest or security. ("I would rather do business with friends than enemies or people I don't know," Hoffa explained.) He sees nothing wrong in dealing on the side with the same companies his union has organized. But since the AFL-CIO Ethical Practices Committee has made clear that it does, "Even though I don't agree," Hoffa said, "my other businesses will be liquidated to the extent that I will be able to say as some labor leaders like to say, and I don't, that management is wrong and I can have no part of it."

But it isn't money, the record suggests, that excites Hoffa. His great desire is to be considered a success in the "labor business." Who gets better contracts for the members of his union than Jimmy Hoffa, the little Teamster repeatedly demanded of the Committee. And

what else counts in a good labor leader? To the charge that he actively connived with Johnny Dio (the convicted extortionist now under indictment in the acid blinding of labor reporter Victor Riesel) to bring Dio into the Teamsters, Hoffa coolly replies that "I was interested in the [taxi] drivers [Dio was organizing] and if it was necessary to bring Dio into the Teamsters to get 30,000 potential members, I would have done it."

On the strength of his answers to the Committee, there was very little justification for the three ranking Republican members and Democratic Sen. Pat McNamara, once a Michigan labor leader himself, to adopt the near-fawning attitude toward Hoffa which they did. Karl Mundt (S.D.), Barry Goldwater (Ariz.) and Irving Ives (N.Y.), who should certainly know better, practically slavered when Hoffa assured them he was anti-Communist and that he didn't plan a "monopolistic" union embracing all transportation unions. (Most other transport unions wouldn't touch Hoffa with a barge pole.) The three Republicans alternately engaged Hoffa in lengthy philosophical colloquies which interrupted and dulled the point of staff interrogation. On the first day of the hearing they sought out the witness during recess breaks to compliment him on his performance—Ives to say he admired his "honesty." It was Ives who gave Hoffa the chance to repent on TV:

IVES: "You rather indicate you will be the next president [of the Teamsters]. What are you going to do? Are you going to do the job you are capable of? You've got a high IQ. . . . You can do a lot of good in this world. You going to do it? . . . You're going to have to stop associating with a lot of bums."

Hoffa didn't let him down: "Do you mean am I going to run a good union? Yes."

And, once installed as Teamsters president, he might give a good imitation of doing that, for Hoffa wants to be a member in good standing of the AFL-CIO club. But it will take a powerful demonstration by Hoffa to convince some AFL-CIO leaders that the club will benefit by his membership. President George Meany is mindful of the fact that ever since he began five years ago to force the cleanup of the unions, Hoffa in person has obstructed him every step of the way. Meany told the old AFL Auto Workers Union in 1953 to get rid of Dio; Hoffa tried to get Dio a home in the Teamsters. Meany warned Anthony Doria of the UAW-AFL to reform; Hoffa tried to get Doria's whole union into the Teamsters. Meany led the way in throwing out the gangster-ridden International Longshoremen's Association; Hoffa promptly tried to enter an alliance with the gangsters in the ILA and to lend them money to fight the AFL.

Those members of the Executive Board who know Hoffa's union best realize that his own officialdom's being riddled with crooks is no accident. Hoffa has been the protector of notorious hoodlums trying to get a soft living from what they call the "labor racket"; his affinity

for hard guys with criminal records doesn't arise, they believe, from a desire to run a graduate reform school.

In the end, Hoffa was able to save himself from contempt or perjury charges by the McClellan Committee only by his failing memory. If he answered questions concerning Dio honestly with, "Yes, I tried to get Dio in," he was dead with the AFL-CIO. If he answered categorically, "No, I didn't try," he faced the risk of

prison for perjury. Amnesia was his form of the Fifth.

No doubt Hoffa will still be elected president of the Teamsters. He negotiated effective contracts for his workers—and made them grateful to him—as he carefully built his power machine in a union where decentralization of the industry makes a power machine possible. But it's about five years too late for him to reach for respectability.

Jimmy Hoffa: Guilt by Association

As the Senate Rackets Committee recessed its investigation of James R. Hoffa, Chairman McClellan read a summary of 48 cases of "conflict of interest and questionable actions" the Committee had found. Here are a few samples from the record:

Conflicts of Interest

JAMES R. HOFFA borrowed \$5,000 in cash from Jack (Babe) Bushkin, a labor relations adviser who represents a number of employers with whom the Teamsters have contracts. . . . \$5,000 in cash from J. L. Keeshin, a truck owner who had contracts with the Teamsters Union. . . . \$25,000 in cash from Henry Lower, real estate promoter (shortly after he urged a Detroit bank, where the Teamsters had large deposits to lend \$75,000 to Lower). . . . \$25,000 in cash from Harold Mark, an accountant and auditor whose firm reviewed the records of the Central States Southeast-Southwest Welfare Fund, (soon after Locals 299 and 337 of Detroit made loans to Mark in excess of \$100,000). . . . \$18,000 in cash from a group of Teamster business agents in Detroit whose jobs depend on the good will of James R. Hoffa. . . .

Hoffa donated \$5,000 of dues money paid by Michigan Teamsters to the re-election campaign of one Edward Crumback who was running for the post of president of Local 107 in Philadelphia, Pa., against another Teamster and added he would not hesitate to use union dues money for his own re-election if he felt it necessary. . . .

Following the solution of labor problems in Flint, Mich., with the intercession of James R. Hoffa, Commercial Carriers, Inc., a trucking company . . . played a part in setting up the Test Fleet Corporation [which was] quietly transferred into the names of Josephine Poszywak and Alice Johnson, the maiden names of Mrs. James Hoffa and Mrs. Owen Brennan. . . . On an original investment of \$4,000 Mrs. Hoffa and Mrs. Brennan received a net profit of \$125,000 in the period from January, 1949, to December 31, 1956.

Joll Properties in which James R. Hoffa had a financial interest received an \$11,000 loan from the insurance company which handled the multi-million

dollar business of the Central Teamsters Conference.

Mr. Hoffa joined Mr. Carney Matheson, the attorney who negotiates contracts for a segment of the trucking industry, in an investment in the Terminal Realty Company in Detroit, Mich.

James R. Hoffa purchased 400 shares of stock in the A.C.F. Wrigley Company, a Michigan supermarket firm with whom the Teamsters Union had contracts . . . purchased 600 shares in McLean Industries, a company whose trucking division had contracts with the Teamsters Union . . . purchased \$25,000 in stock of the Fruehauf Trucking Company with whom the Central States Conference Teamsters had contracts.

Close Associates

Hoffa placed Eugene C. (Jimmie) James as head of juke box Local 985 in Detroit. James was accused by the Douglas-Ives Committee of stealing some \$900,000 from the Laundry Workers International Union Welfare Fund . . . lent James \$2,000 or \$2,500 to start the operations of Local 985. (James repaid Hoffa and Brennan by placing their wives on the union payroll under their maiden names) . . . assisted Samuel (Shorty) Feldman, Philadelphia ex-convict, in obtaining a charter for friends in the Hotel and Restaurant Workers Union . . . imported as an organizer Barney Baker, a New York "tough" with a prison record for throwing stink bombs and injury to property. . . . Hoffa has had a long and continued association with Johnny Dio, three-times convicted labor extortionist . . . maintained Gerald Connelly, a Minneapolis organizer, in his job after he had been convicted of taking a bribe from an employer . . . supported as a union trustee, Joseph Glimco, indicted twice on charges of murder and convicted on charges of larceny, a close associate of Capone mobsters . . . has a long and continued association with Lou Farrell, a Des Moines, Iowa racket figure [whom] reports of the Kefauver Committee identified as a Capone mobster . . . set up an alliance with the International Longshoremen's Association after it had been thrown out of the AFL-CIO for racket control . . . has a long and continuing association with Angelo Meli, a Detroit prohibition hoodlum twice accused of murder.

Kennedy and Poland

SEN. JOHN F. KENNEDY'S carefully-prepared remarks of August 21 on our policy toward Poland and the satellites entitles him, more than does the Gallup Poll, to consideration as a Presidential or Vice Presidential nominee in 1960. For this speech, when placed alongside his appeal earlier this year for unambiguous support of the Algerian independence movement, shows a capacity to anticipate events; and it reflects a sustained, constructive interest in foreign affairs. He has not put forth more tiresome generalities: he has asked Congress to revise the Battle Act and the Agricultural Surplus Disposal Acts, and he has submitted legislation that would accomplish this. For it is these Acts, Kennedy notes, which would prevent any President from dealing imaginatively with new situations in Eastern Europe. The laws now recognize

only two categories of nations in the world: nations "under the domination or control" of the USSR or the world Communist movement—and "friendly nations." They make no recognition of the fact that there can be shades of gray between the blacks and whites—that there are and will be nations such as Poland that may not yet be our allies or in a position to be truly friendly, but which are at least beginning to move out from Soviet domination and control. . . . Are we to ignore their needs because they cannot escape by one leap or by picking one lock?

Poland is and will remain for some time dangerously near disaster. We cannot begin to understand its problems or be helpful without first accepting Kennedy's central point that "a political convalescence has no durability unless it is invigorated by economic therapy." That we know as much as we do about economic discontent inside Poland today is a credit to the Gomulka regime: a great deal of the truth is getting out. And we now can also appreciate more fully that although the President and Secretary Dulles were commendably quick to encourage Gomulka's resistance to the Russians 11 months ago, they were far from quick in backing up their warm wishes with hard cash or wheat. Polish aid negotiations dragged on during "months of haggling, indecision and delay." What we finally offered was less than one-third of the \$300 million the Poles so badly needed and for which they had asked. There were the Battle Act restrictions, to be sure. But we were held back by something as powerful as the law: by fear, by a reluctance to risk helping a country which might again slip behind the Iron Curtain. We were not ready, nor are most of us yet ready, to go along with Mr. Kennedy and "look deeper than the labels of Communism."

The legislative revisions the Senator has introduced (in substance, they would allow the President greater

discretion in deciding whether and to what extent help should be given nations under neutral or nominally Communist rule) cannot be considered by Congress before the next session. By then, perhaps the Congress and the Administration may be more willing than heretofore to discuss with greater frankness and realism not only our relations with Poland but our national attitude toward countries which are neither pro-Soviet nor pro-American.

China Quarantine

SECRETARY DULLES can take a hint. All he needed was to be sandbagged by world opinion, Congressional criticism, editorial ridicule, censure by the big publishers and defiance from 41 American youngsters who rode off to Peking over his dead body. He then gracefully conceded the right of American news organizations to send reporters to Communist China. But then what happened? Those discourteous Chinese Reds didn't even thank him. They even said they don't see why they should accept our correspondents if we won't accept theirs. Or if we may quote *The New Republic* of July 29: "It is just possible that we may get all dressed up and have no place to go."

Nevertheless, the Department has at least admitted that something is happening on the Chinese mainland which deserves description by American journalists. It will not concede, however (at least openly and formally), that China is Communist. For to do that, it is sure, would be to surrender the rest of Asia to Communism.

That fear has seemed to us exaggerated and a barrier to any sensible Asian policy. We were interested, therefore, to discover last week that one correspondent whose objectivity and perception we respect, Philip Potter of the *Baltimore Sun*, has come to the aid of Mr. Dulles. In an unusually informative series of articles on six months of travel throughout Asia, Potter has given us a great deal of information—and added to it his own conclusion that our policy of non-recognition is wise. But paradoxically, the facts he gives seem to us to argue for quite a different approach.

According to Potter, the contest between Washington and Peking for influence in Asia now stands at "a draw." The US can do no more than wage an increasingly desperate "holding operation"; any change in China policy would "tip the scales against the West."

As Potter proceeds from country to country in his report, we are struck by just how desperate the situation is—not only where the neutralist Indonesian and Burmese governments (which have long had diplomatic relations with Peking) are threatened by internal Communist pressures, but even in countries whose governments the US has signed up as "allies." Thus he finds

"growing 'nationalism' " in the Philippines which may become anti-American; he discovers that

countries generally regarded in the United States as safely in the Western camp, such as Thailand and Pakistan, show fissures and cracks which have permitted the infiltration of more communism than has been supposed.

But the "fissures and cracks" seem to have little to do with whether or not an Asian ally engages in diplomatic or even trade relations with Peking. In Potter's account Chinese infiltration poses an equally dangerous threat to Pakistan, which recognizes and carries on extensive trade with the Communist regime, and Thailand, which does not. To account for this paradox, we need only study Potter's many observations which suggest the need to look beneath the declared policy of a government. For example, he quotes no less than Premier Pibul Songgram as authority for the statement that "neutrality exercises a strong pull on many Thais." Indeed, throughout Asia, leaders are under "strong pressures from neutralist forces."

Potter seems to assume at some points that, for all practical purposes, neutrality is subversive, anti-Western and a "soft" pushover for Chinese pressures. But is it? For Potter himself later observes that

we sometimes have more goodwill where we do not look for it than we do where it is taken for granted. . . . Countries officially neutralist, some deeply penetrated by the Communists, are showing signs of an appreciation of their danger and are eager for all the United States help they can get.

Is not neutrality, in fact, in most instances another word for nationalism in Asia? Why would a new nation *not* want to play off one side against another? How long can we prevent other Asian nations from imitating the example of Pakistan and normalizing relations with Peking? Why need we assume that any regime which wants to do business with Peking intends to sell out?

Potter's series reinforces our belief that Chinese influence cannot be quarantined. He stresses the contest between Peking and Taipeh for the allegiance of the overseas Chinese, yet he must admit that most overseas Chinese schools and newspapers "are already under Red control or influence." If this is so, we ask ourselves—if Communist China cannot in fact be isolated—is it wise for the United States to cling to a policy that insists on the impossible? Instead of a negative "holding operation" which may end in disastrous retreat, why not look to the future, recognize Asia as it is, and develop positive bilateral trade, aid, and political policies fashioned out of the needs of each country in the region?

Why not, indeed? Because there is not the wisdom nor the courage in either the White House, the State Department or Congress to confess the bankruptcy of the China quarantine policy.

Embargo Russian Arms?

C. L. SULZBERGER, the scholarly editorial columnist of *The New York Times*, had the courage in a recent dispatch from Paris to put forward a daring brink-of-war proposal for the Middle East—a Western blockade of Russian arms shipments. The Soviet arms buildup in Egypt during 1956, he assumes, precipitated the Israeli attack. Likewise, Russian arms shipments to Yemen led to the more recent Yemeni attack on British Aden. And the present Russian deliveries to Syria can be directed only against four neighbors—Turkey, Iran, Saudi Arabia or Israel.

"This cannot go on indefinitely," writes Sulzberger. "The Arab lands are excitable. They do not possess the cynical coolness of experienced governments. . . . The more weapons accumulated in that area, the more probable the chances of a conflict."

He concludes it is time to call a halt, and asks how that can be done. If we propose an arms embargo to the Russians—which, incidentally, would block delivery of American arms to Middle East Treaty Organization nations as well as Russian arms to Syria—he is certain the Russians would reject it. And if they did agree, their price would be full Russian participation in all Big Power decisions affecting the Middle East.

So, Sulzberger writes, we must consider the practicality of imposing an embargo on our own. Heavy Russian equipment, he points out, can enter the area only through sea lanes controlled by the West—the Dardanelles, the Gibraltar Strait, and the Red Sea gateway between British Aden and French Somaliland. Of course, Mr. Sulzberger admits, it would seem high-handed were we to announce our intention of banning munition ships from these waters, but "legalistic excuses could perhaps be adduced," such as those Colonel Nasser employs in barring Israeli ships from Suez.

How radical such a policy would be can be grasped by posing a further question: What would Congress do if, after passing a \$3 billion foreign aid bill, a foreign power announced it would not allow the movement of American arms to our allies? Or if the USSR began to search American ships for arms? We would regard such interferences as acts of war, which they would be.

All of us would like to find a clear and convincing answer to Sulzberger's closing plea: "What else is there to do if Russia will not agree to cease supplying instruments of death to lands which make no secret of their intention ultimately to use them?" The only American policy we can envisage which offers any hope of counteracting the immediate danger in the Middle East—the Syrian arms build-up—is one which quietly but consistently encourages surrounding Arab lands—all of them anti-Communist and all of them menaced in turn by the Syrian army—to isolate the present Syrian Government, and thus discredit it in the eyes of the Syrian

people themselves. Granted, this is a slender reed on which to lean. But if we rule out a direct agreement with the Russians (as politically too costly), or a unilateral embargo (as an act of war), or direct military intervention in Syria (as war), what other course is

open to us? We can formally announce to the UN that peace is threatened, but that body has never been able to adjudicate power struggles between the Soviet Union and the West—where one or both sides refuse to call it quits.

Chancellor Adenauer's Campaign Promises

IT HAS BECOME crystal clear that the election in West Germany Sept. 15 is going to hinge on the simplest and most material issues. The electorate is neither able nor prepared to work out ideas of its own on reunification. Excitement over conscription has faded. The nuclear issue—whether NATO troops on German soil should be armed with nuclear weapons, and whether a German renunciation of the use of such weapons would aid the cause of reconciliation in Central Europe—has ceased to be of more than academic interest. Women's guilds and trade unionists have produced their petitions in favor of the total banning of nuclear weapons. But the real *démarche* in this respect was produced by the Goettingen University Professors in the spring, and if it were ever intended to influence the Federal election it was badly timed. Political pacifism—of the kind that would have endorsed the Social Democrats' wish for a West German withdrawal from NATO and for a total renunciation of nuclear armaments—has been checked by the crude threats of the Soviet leaders and by their readiness to block disarmament.

There remain material issues, and in this field Chancellor Adenauer's Christian Democratic Party has immense advantages, for his party is going to the people with a remarkable record behind it. Industrial production is still soaring; the value of "real" incomes is still going up; prices, at least in comparison with the rest of Europe, are remarkably steady; gold and dollar reserves continue to be swelled by the increment from Germany's surplus of exports over imports; the D. Mark currency is so strong that it may even have to be revalued upwards. Dr. Adenauer has just completed a tour of the industrial Ruhr. In each great town he made perfectly plain what he thought this election was about, and he was quite right: it is fairly significant when an audience of 20,000—as at Essen—reserve their loudest and most spontaneous applause for statistical exposés of the cost-of-living index and the growth of the gross social product.

The CDU plan for winning this election was made a long time ago and its implementation began long before the actual election campaign. In the spring the Government passed its pensions act—the most progressive in Europe, it was claimed with some reason—through the

Bundestag. In June and July the Government increased tax-free income allowance for wives from 250 to 600 Marks a year; increased disability pensions; doubled payments to former Nazi officials; revised the pensions of Government officials upwards; eased the application of the turnover tax. In August it announced its plans to cut import tariffs and cheapen food imports; gave married couples the right to have their incomes taxed jointly or separately; and gave a grant of 25 Marks a month to pensioners who had been decorated for valor during the first World War.

What have the Social Democrats been able to propose in the face of this carefully timed legislation and excellently prepared election campaign? Their economic experts have been driven during the last few weeks to applaud the system of "free-market economy" instituted by Dr. Adenauer's Minister of Economics, Ludwig Erhard. They have declaimed against price-controls (which British Labor Party leaders were lauding to the skies at precisely the same moment). Their top-ranking economic theorist, Dr. Heinrich Deist, declared that nationalization of heavy industry (the German word for this is "socialization," but what is meant is roughly the same thing) was a "primitive" and outdated form of economic direction. Up and down the land their speakers failed to exploit the price increases which have taken place this year, or to explain the Government's real mistake in protecting the farmers by the wrong method of restricting food-imports.

It would be wrong to talk of a Social Democratic debacle, for the party commands the allegiance of a solid core of voters and it is only a comparatively small body of voters—perhaps 12 to 14 percent of the electorate—which is going to decide this election. But the SPD is forfeiting the interest of these "floating voters" as well as weakening its own camp. The election manifesto of the West German Trade Union Congress, published early in August, was startling in its neutrality; Union members were urged to vote for candidates, "irrespective of party," in whom they had confidence. Meanwhile every industrial or employers association is urging all of its members to vote for the CDU.

TERENCE PRITIE

Bonn



The Superficial Aspect

Greasy Days of Yore

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR. started astonishing repercussions with his plaintive suggestion, in the *New York Times Magazine*, that it is time for the liberals to resume being liberal, rather than realistic, opportunistic, or even altruistic. Mr. Schlesinger is obviously right—so obviously that it is hard to understand the excitement that his article provoked.

For instance, here is John Cogley, writing in the *Commonweal*, a publication that even the most crustacean Romanists admit, reluctantly, is a Catholic weekly, and challenging Mr. Schlesinger's thesis that the philosophy, not the current policy, of liberalism now deserves primary emphasis. Adlai E. Stevenson, says Mr. Cogley, voiced the philosophy of liberalism admirably, and "was twice trounced." So where does that leave Schlesinger? "I know what he means," concludes Cogley. "I think I know how he feels. And I also think I am growing old."

Oh, come, now, friend Cogley! That isn't senescence, that is the reverse. That is proof that your political awareness doesn't extend far enough back to encompass the Harding administration, which taught liberals one of the most brutal facts of life—the fact that when nations grow fat they also grow greasy, unless extraordinary precautions are taken to keep them in condition. It is regrettable, to be sure, but it is just one of those things, and a hard-bitten, battle-scarred liberal should be able to take it in his stride.

The tremendously significant element in the present situation is the fact that although Uncle Sam is fatter than ever before in his history, he has been greasier at least twice. Mr. Cogley may find this hard to believe, but it is true and there are many living men who can attest its truth in one instance. Grant's generation has passed, but in the ranks of liberalism there are many survivors who touched and smelled the rancid oozings of the Harding-Coolidge era; and they emerged from the experience such tough babies that the greasiness of the present fills them only with disdain, not with despair.

Certainly there is the former Senator Nixon's \$18,000-

a-year subsidy from oil and real-estate interests, but compare that with Grant's Vice-President Colfax and his involvement with the Credit Mobilier. Certainly there was the Dixon-Yates affair, but compare that with the Whiskey Ring. Certainly there were the Tidelands Oil and Hells Canyon steals, but compare them with Teapot Dome. Certainly five of Eisenhower's high brass have been caught in dubious deals, but compare them with Fall, Miller and Forbes who had to be put behind prison bars.

The indefeasible popularity of Eisenhower is amazing but, after all, Grant was even more popular. After giving the country the rottenest administration in its history up to that time he still had such a grip on sentimentalists that a third term was headed off with the utmost difficulty, and if he had been nominated it probably would not have been necessary to steal the election of 1876. Grant might have won as decisively as Eisenhower did in 1956.

The miracle is that at this time not even a military hero could carry into office such a band of land-pirates as followed Grant and Harding aboard the Ship of State. Eisenhower won against Stevenson, as he would have won against the Archangel Gabriel, for you simply can't beat Five Stars; but not even Eisenhower could carry his party to victory. The result is that there has been some check on the spread of corruption as, for instance, in the Dixon-Yates affair.

HOWEVER, this is not to say that there is no cause for anxiety. Mr. Schlesinger touched the crux of the matter when he observed that so many liberals are so tired. I think what he really meant was that so many of what the missionaries in China used to call "rice-Christians" are now reverting to heathenism. But these were never real liberals. They are people who cannot distinguish between a policy and a philosophy. Because liberalism fed the staring in 1934, they got the idea that liberalism means keeping people alive, never comprehending that keeping them alive is merely the first necessary step toward keeping them free.

Granting that a dead man is of no further use to anybody save, perhaps, students of anatomy, yet even a man alive is of no use to liberalism unless he is in a position to think his own thoughts and to say what he thinks. A living body inhabited by a dead or comatose mind is not an American citizen, it is merely an embryonic Storm Trooper. Yet there are forces in this country apparently bent on populating the republic with such zombies. This, and not either the economic or the military perils that beset us, is the real challenge to liberalism. The liberal who does not recognize it is not growing old; he is merely too young to remember prior eras when the grease-gun was supreme.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

BOOKS & COMMENT

After the Nightmare

by Robert C. Tucker

"THE NIGHTMARE is over," writes Louis Fischer, echoing the words of a Moscow university professor with whom he spoke during a three-week visit to Russia in 1956. And this is one of the main themes of the impressions of contemporary Russian recorded in his new book, most of which is devoted to an account of that visit.

The political arrests in Russia have ceased for the most part, it reports. The

Russia Revisited, by Louis Fischer
(Doubleday; \$4.50).

concentration camps are, it is said, gradually being closed down. The well-known official security psychosis has subsided to the point that the foreign visitor can more or less freely take snapshots of the scenes he sees, and take his film out with him uncensored when he leaves. The ordinary Russian is no longer so afraid to meet and mix with foreigners. In sum, the atmosphere of Russian life is no longer suffused with fear as it normally was during "the decades of Stalin's horrors." In the aftermath of the despot's 25-year reign of terror, the Russian people has awakened not to active political life but at least to a wistful, tentative hope for something better than the mere existence it has known in this generation. The nation remains ill-clothed, wretchedly housed and dictatorially misgoverned. But it is finally able to breathe for a change.

To appreciate this difference fully, to grasp what it means to be able to *breathe* in Russia, you almost have to be a Russian, or else an outsider who has shared the life-experience of this generation of Russians in an intimate and personal way. Louis Fischer is one of the latter, and in consequence is peculiarly well equipped by memory to pass judgment on the matter. He lived in Moscow from 1922 to 1938 as a foreign correspondent. A sympathizer with the

Soviet regime for many years, he turned against it during the thirties, largely in response to that very Stalinist terror which claimed so many of his Russian Communist friends as its victims. The terror was directed against the whole nation. But in the middle of the nineteen-thirties, it was the leadership and membership of the Bolshevik Party itself that bore the brunt of it. As Fischer wrote of Stalin in an earlier book, "He has killed a larger number of Communists than any other person in the world." Execution or exile was the fate of very many in the Communist circles within which Fischer had moved in Moscow.

THE RUSSIA to which he returned for a brief visit in 1956 appears to have been for him, in its way, a tomb filled with ghosts from the past, and his reflections on it have something of the ring of a funeral dirge—punctuated with angry sermons. To me, there is something symbolic in his account of a sentimental visit to the apartment in Moscow where he and his family lived in the former years. He knocked three times on the door, and there was no answer. Then: "From the rear sector a man appeared and said, 'Nobody in sixteen tenants of this sector have been evicted. Here everything is rotted'." In some larger sense, this registers Louis Fischer's reaction to Russia after the nightmare: "Nobody in . . . Here everything is rotted." To him Russia was vacant and crumbling, like his old condemned apartment in Sivstev-Vrazhek Street. As he himself expresses it, "Almost the worst thing I discovered in the Soviet Union was that life had become boring." This is a second main theme of the book. It tells us, perhaps, more about the writer than the country he is describing. Nothing is so subjective as boredom.

True, there is a great deal of drabness and monotony in Russia today. The

dead hand of the recent past still lies heavily upon the present. The vicissitudes experienced by this generation have left the nation more than a little demoralized, even traumatized. But down below, among the people and especially among elements of its youth, there are stirrings. Something new is germinating in the midst of the political ruins, and it is no doubt in part the awareness of this that spurs on the regime to do at least a little clearing of these ruins; it wants to avoid, if it can, a national demand for the building of an entirely new structure. Once a people can breathe again, it will not be long before its thinkers begin to *speak*, and when they do many thoughtful ones among the people will respond. This is what is beginning to happen in Russia now. And the theme of the incipient speech is not primarily consumer goods. *Not By Bread Alone* is the title of the officially condemned yet most popular novel in Russia today. The main theme is freedom, moral decency, and the value of the individual personality. It is an old, old story, but it is the human story and it is never really boring.

SOME of the most interesting material in the book is drawn from the hundred or so conversations which he had with Russians during the three weeks. These were mostly quite ordinary people, not representatives of the regime, and much of what they said was revealing of the popular mind. And yet one feels that Fischer might have learned more than he did from them if his approach to people had been less crass—if he had been a better listener, if he had been more attentive and less argumentative, less concerned to polemicize about the past and more concerned to feel the pulse of the Russian present.

He made it a practice to open conversations with casually encountered Russians, even high school girls on one occasion, by putting very blunt questions about whether they knew of Khrushchev's secret anti-Stalin speech and what they thought of it and its implications. When, as often happened, they responded evasively or in the spirit of the official line (which has it that Stalin made serious "mistakes" but everything is all right now), he engaged them in political argument, usually without much apparent success. "Try as I

might," he reports in one seemingly typical case, "I could not break through this armor of credulity."

I believe that Fischer has mistaken for an armor of credulity what was, in many if not the majority of instances, an armor of ingrained caution in the face of possible danger to oneself and one's family. The Stalinist terror may have passed. But the memory of it (as Fischer himself points out in places) is still all too fresh with most Russians. What he seems to overlook is that, as a consequence, they will not ordinarily speak their true minds to the first foreign stranger who accosts them with blunt questions on basic political issues. "I always spoke as freely in Moscow as I would in London, Paris, New York, or anywhere," writes Fischer. Of course, it is a very good thing to speak your mind quite freely. But when you do this in Russia—even post-nightmare Russia—it helps a lot to have a foreign passport in your pocket. The Russian doesn't, and this often affects what he says to the stranger. His caution may then take on a deceptive appearance of "credulity." But let us not underestimate him. He did not need Khrushchev's secret speech at the Twentieth Party Congress to teach him lessons in the evils of Stalinism. Nor does he require outside assistance to make him aware of the limitations of Khrushchevism.

FISCHER seems not to have succeeded in making full mental contact with the contemporary Russian scene. He found it above all boring, and his final conclusion tends to be a pessimistic one. The most that he can bring himself to hope for is that Russian intellectuals will "some day become restive." Characterizing official efforts at indoctrinating the people as attempts to apply Pavlov's theory of conditioned reflexes, he writes: "This monumental effort to induce a slave mentality by artificial mechanical means has succeeded far beyond the belief of anyone who loves human beings."

This is, in my opinion, a mistaken conclusion, an inaccurate picture of the Russian popular mind. There is an increasing fund of evidence to show that the Russian people, while it remains, on the whole, politically passive still, is not mentally enslaved. Many Russian intellectuals were "restive" long before

Fischer expressed the hope that some day they would become so. The major result of the forty-year conditioning process is not a captive mind but a caution reflex. If one has faith in human beings, this fact should fortify it.

Fischer's mental distance from the Russian scene of today is reflected, to my mind, in his reaction to the following conversation with a young Moscow taxi driver, related in the book:

"How do you like driving a cab?"

I quizzed.

"I hate it."

"What would you prefer to do," I pursued.

"Rob and kill."

"Now come, you're joking," I argued, "wouldn't you rather be the director of a factory?"

"What," he shouted, "and exploit the workers."

"All right, I'm a foreign journalist. Wouldn't you like to be a journalist or writer?"

"And tell lies?"

"You are saying that Russia is not a free country."

"And probably never will be," he submitted.

When we reached the National Hotel I offered him a tip. Most drivers expect it. He refused it. He was clearly "a character."

Here was a youthful Russian in whom the caution reflex was no longer operative. What strikes Fischer about him is simply that he was a "character." In actuality, he was a definite personality type, a minority type to be sure but nevertheless a social phenomenon. If Fischer had been a little more intuitive, and if he were as well versed in the history of Russia in the 19th Century as he is in the history of the Soviet period, he surely would have recognized the type.

The "character," if I am not mistaken, was a Russian revolutionary.

Hildy Johnson Rides Again

by Bass Yarling

THERE is bound to be a run of rather dull moralizing about the career of "Charlie," the chief character in Ben Hecht's prose elegy to the late Charles MacArthur. The book memorializes with a normally limited objectivity the author's old *Korpsbruder* in *Charlie*, by Ben Hecht (Harper; \$4.50).

Chicago journalism and his confederate in the confection of drama for Broadway, elegant tutti-frutti for Hollywood and heavy wassail at all ports of call in between.

Hecht's reprieve for the dissolving reputation of his mercurial partner did not come too soon. Stony-eyed professors had already discovered that MacArthur had not faced up to his whirlwind talent and that he had failed to materialize into an urban Mark Twain or America's answer to Molière and Congreve. Their tone suggested that Charlie's shrinking from literary greatness derived from a character defect and might conceivably be regarded as an act of treason. Charlie could not concentrate on his art, it seemed, and was so

lacking in self-assurance that he rarely ventured into the arcana of composition except collaboratively—presumably requiring a bolder and less fidgety co-author. After the man had begun to pawn his birthright in Hollywood, he redeemed it for only brief periods of striving which produced literary snatches not ready for the printer or even the editor. They comprised first-rate examples of the unfinished short-story and plays which showed a deficit of at least one act.

There is enough truth in these quibbles to make them barely worth mentioning. A better truth is that they don't actually matter when exposed to a rebuttal which presents the man's substance rather than his thin and fluctuating literary shadow. Hecht's book is just such a rebuttal. It reveals in the man a depth and subtlety that are not always apparent in his work—suggests, in fact, a writer several sizes larger than anything he wrote. Despite the author's tinkering with his memories and his straining toward a definition of Charlie, the riddle remains intact at the end of the book's last sentence. In the wind-up,

the sardonic fellow on the couch seems to have scored at least a draw with the analyst. "... I can remember hundreds of things that he did," said his friend of 40 years, "but nothing that he felt. He never told me."

HECHT's reminiscences coax back the sad and lovely lunacy of "The Front Page," its life and times. A flare is cast over a lost, lamented age when newspaper reporters were wonderful hooligans—not all or perhaps most of them, of course, but enough to give the profession a good name. The bravos of the reportorial elite did not try to conceal their feelings of caste snobbery toward persons whose chief claim to deference was wealth or authority. The best that they wanted life to offer them was the opportunity to witness and proclaim the happenings in a world which was at once beautiful, monstrous and flabbergasting.

The dithyrambs of Ben Hecht, the old pro, transport us to an era when farce had the violence associated for the most part with chivalry—when murder was a retail operation and consequently of sounder social values. The poet in Hecht remembers all this and the historian concurs. So, in this book we see the spirit of Hildy Johnson—Hecht and MacArthur's special brainchild, the heroine of *The Front Page* and the symbol of that era—resurrected for one last ride.

After he left the newspapers, most of MacArthur's completed jobs were done jointly or—in Hollywood—collectively, according to the well known platoon system operative in those precincts. He worked not only with Hecht in their two best plays, *Front Page* and *Twentieth Century* but with such laureates as Edward Sheldon, Ludwig Bemelmans, Nunally Johnson and Anita Loos. Hecht never quite spells out the quality or the degree of his contribution in these joint undertakings but is not niggardly in assigning credit to his partner. We have to accept his appraisal because MacArthur's printed work, created independently, would probably not crowd a three-inch shelf.

This may be why MacArthur remains one of those reputedly unfulfilled artists who is denounced more for what he didn't write than for what he did. Such criticism, despite the chilly compliment it implies, is a little presumptuous. Who

should say what he should have been in a country so free and gay? He was under no obligation to become the American Aristophanes. He found it a full-time job to serve his public as the American Charlie MacArthur. This taxing role called for a performance beyond the strength and ingenuity of his sturdiest contemporaries. Its social, literary, theatrical, military, paripatetic and bacchanalian commitments consumed his plethora of youth.

In Chicago's most glorious days of grand larceny, embezzlement, arson, illicit romance and assassination, he had the reputation of being its champion newspaper reporter and the foil of its toughest editor. He was a drinking man of classic attainments and, though not much more than a welterweight, slugged it out toe-to-toe with bloodthirsty bar-room tigers. He participated in the writing of the finest play in any language about the profession of journalism. He

was catnip to women of all degrees of pulchritude, wealth and celebrity. He was cosseted by New York's most advanced intellectual circles. Hollywood producers followed him around, begging him to accept their gold. He was able to keep travelling all over the world and wherever he went corks popped, people laughed and there were fireworks. He served his country in three wars yet regarded them with a kind of sour mirth and exerted himself to make mincemeat out of military pomposity. He won the heart of the nation's prettiest Republican who became also its finest actress; their life together was an idyll of linked sweetness long drawn out.

Yet the man who knew him best says that "MacArthur's spirit was the product of an awareness of death." Hecht's book is not a biography. Full of the fruitiest metaphors of the decade, it begins, proceeds and ends as a mystery.

Two Books By and About Stevenson

by John L. Steele

IT is an ironic fact that ten months after the Presidential election, publishers are bringing forth both a major biography of the defeated candidate and a compilation of his campaign utterances while no such enterprise has been undertaken for the victor. It is an indication of the tough fibered personal

The New America, by Adlai E. Stevenson, edited by Seymour E. Harris, John Bartlow Martin, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. (Harper; \$4.50).

A Prophet in His Own Country, by Kenneth S. Davis (Doubleday; \$5).

qualities of Adlai Stevenson and the vitality of his thought and pen. For Stevenson has avoided the twin dangers facing a contemporary political critic in his days of political adversity and in this wonderously complacent era: the dangers of becoming a common scold in the eyes of his contemporaries and an unhonored "tragic figure" to his friends.

On the contrary, the ideas and programs—domestic and global—brought forth by the defeated candidate in the 1956 campaign just won't down. A President, for instance, who not long

ago ridiculed his opponent's views on halting atomic testing and the military draft now grapples with nuclear disarmament and announces new cutbacks in military manpower. Writing in his disappointingly brief author's note to *The New America*, Stevenson states:

These issues did not die with the 1956 election. On the contrary, today they are more alive than ever, and sooner or later the American people and their leaders will have to come to grips with them. For each of these issues demands a decision.

These decisions can be delayed a little but they cannot be evaded forever. The issues were not born of a political campaign. . . . They are the facts of life of the new America.

Stevenson's editors have chosen well. Here not only are the speeches, but also the carefully prepared "program papers," widely unread during the campaign. Certainly no candidate for the Presidency ever approached the prospect of high office more thoroughly prepared to exercise that office. And here, too, is reflected the ever bothersome and apparently insoluble problem of simultaneously seeking to drive an incumbent

from his office and conduct a serious political dialogue on the issues. Appended also, in the nature of an introduction, is a somewhat unfortunate and sometimes lachrymose analysis of the campaign by two of the three editors—Harris and Schlesinger. More satisfactory would have been the pattern used in this book's companion piece, the volume of 1952 campaign speeches with only the comments of the candidate himself appended.

Davis' *A Prophet in His Own Country*, is, of course, very much more the story of a man, a chronicle of personal history and public achievements. This is no "definitive biography" as the jacket blurb would have one believe. At a healthy 57 years of age, the subject gives no sign of self-burial. What Davis has done here is to trace with candor and detail the developing growth of a man sensitive (in word and deed), intricate and courageous.

There is so much here—the lyrical beauty of the Illinois prairie of Steven-

son's boyhood, the warmth, lights and shadows of small town Bloomington, the turreted walls of Scott Fitzgerald's Princeton, Europe before and after the first World War. From family background and wealth he gained an awareness of social responsibility and duty untouched by human snobbery. From personal tragedies he seems to have gained a poise, a steadfastness of purpose. Each experience yielded to Stevenson its very essence of meaning to be stored and used. Of these things Davis writes with great poignancy and evident understanding.

Only a fifth of Davis' large volume is devoted to the two losing Presidential campaigns of 1952 and 1956. And here the author leaves to others, writing perhaps with the perspective of more time, a detailed political analysis. Rather Davis tells of Adlai Stevenson in personal terms. In 1952, there is the reluctant Stevenson, reluctant in terms of his own pre-convention candidacy—the man wanting nothing but to complete

his task admirably underway in Springfield, yet acceding to one of the few pure drafts in American political history. In 1956, there is the eager Stevenson, fighting for a party nomination at considerable cost to human physical and intellectual resources. In both campaigns there is the candidate striving to come to grips with his opponent on a basis of serious discussion of the issues.

DAVIS twice puts his finger on what I believe to be the reasons behind Mr. Stevenson's failures in '52 and '56. First, in writing of 1920 campaign prospects, he records a strongly partisan Lewis Stevenson telling his young son Adlai that:

After the long creative excitement of Populism and Progressivism and the New Freedom, after the enormous effort of war, the people seemed to want a rest. They seemed tired of reform, tired of heroics, tired even of the responsibilities of self-government. . . .

Davis probes this parallel further when writing of the bleak prospects faced by Stevenson in 1956:

If a man's character is his fate, it becomes so in terms of the environment through which it must express itself, and in the politics of the Eisenhower years the dominant environmental condition seemed to be a fog of ambiguity whereby men and issues became badly blurred. They were blurred not only in the popular view but also in themselves, as though the fog dissolved all essential definitions.

Thus it was in the fall of 1956, when the successful Republican candidate turned aside with flip allegations of irresponsibility, the proposals of his rival and uttered what he termed "last words" on subjects with which even now he is deeply concerned.

And what now of Adlai Stevenson as he returns home from a long trip abroad? The moods, the political climate, the very needs of a nation change. It may well be that where the times were out of tune twice before for this intriguing public man, the times, the needs and the man may join in the future. For the times of passivity and self-satisfaction have always in the nation's past been transitory. There are subtle signs that such a change may soon again be at hand. If so, Stevenson's long, and somewhat lonely vigil will end.

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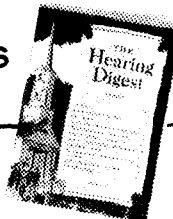
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Sir Winston's *Enfant Terrible*

by Donald Malcolm

THE JOURNALISTIC TENDENCY to pour old wine into old bottles reaches its apogee in the stories of weddings, which do not vary from one another by so much as a hair's width. The sports writers enjoy only a little more latitude; one baseball game, after all, is very much like another, and the number of possible winners in a boxing match is, to say the least, severely

What I Said About the Press by Randolph Churchill (World; \$2).

limited. The police reporters have it a little better, but not much, since the general run of criminals display little more imagination in the practice of their trade than boxers do in theirs.

The reporter often speaks of "getting the story," but much of the time we have already got the story, and got it by heart. On Monday he tells us the story of Jack and the Beanstalk; on Tuesday, the story of Jim and the Beanstalk; on Wednesday, with undiminished enthusiasm, he uncovers the story of Fred and the Beanstalk; which he follows up on Thursday with the unforgettable account of Ottokar and the Beanstalk: until at last we feel competent to play the part ourselves. Indeed, if the occasion comes up, we feel obliged to play it.

Consider the sad case of Mrs. David Steeves, who wanted to divorce her husband, but had the misfortune to run afoul of the standard "miraculous survival" story. Her husband, you recall, was the jet pilot who crashed in the High Sierras several months ago. Given up for dead by the Air Force, he managed to survive 54 days in the mountains, at the end of which time he "hobbled out of the rugged, frozen wilderness, unkempt and wasted away by 60 pounds." He was "back from the dead." He was "gaunt and bearded." He had been sustained by the thought of his wife and child.

What a misfortune for Mrs. Steeves! Under the circumstances, she could hardly greet him with the words: "It's nice to see you back, but here's the thing, old buddy, I want a divorce"—

for, as she later delicately put it, "People have to pay their roles . . . when something happens on a national scale." And Mrs. Steeves was thoroughly familiar with her role; like the rest of us, she had read it many times before. "This is the happiest day of my life," she declared, as the flashbulbs flashed. When in the news, do as the newspapers do.

As Mrs. Steeves has made clear, the influence of the press is so pervasive that it can determine in advance the very events that newspapers exist to report, and I wonder if this hasn't made the editors and publishers a little smug, and a little inclined to believe that nothing really *happens* until it appears in their columns. In any case, it would doubtless be a good thing if they were stirred up from time to time by a little salubrious criticism, and this, I take it, is what Randolph Churchill set out to do in the three speeches that make up the beginning of *What I Said About The Press*. If I seem uncertain on the point, that is chiefly because Sir Winston's son was speaking only of the *British* press, and the better part of his remarks are almost totally incomprehensible to an American. For example:

A Mr. Clapp, the editor of the *Daily Sketch*, entering new into the race, has set so fast a pace that old hacks like Mr. Eade have now seriously to look to their laurels. It was, I understand, the rise of Mr. Clapp which robbed his stable companion, Mr. Eade, of the coveted and envied position of Pornographer Royal and Criminologist Extraordinary. It was thought to be a dead-heat for Lord Rothermere's two horses.

It seems likely that a witty comment is intended, but without knowing the people or the newspaper involved, it is awfully hard to know when to laugh. Unfortunately, the rest of the book is equally private. Altogether there are three speeches, and in each of them Mr. Churchill attacks the proprietors of the English press by name, in some cases for printing "pornography" and impertinent articles about the Royal Family, and in other cases for failing to criticize these offenses. But

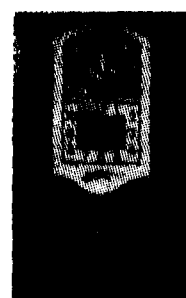
the speeches carry us only up to page 29. The remaining 83 pages of the book are wholly given over to a tedious verbatim account of a trial in which Mr. Churchill won £5000 from Oldhams Press for a libelous remark made about him. Mr. Churchill may or may not be right in implying that Oldhams Press was "striking back" at him for his press campaign, but the fact remains that the offending remark had no connection with anything he had said in his speeches.

THUS, while Mr. Churchill's book raises a number of questions, the only really interesting one is this: why did the World Publishing Company see fit to print it? A clue, I think, can be found in this extract from the author's first speech:

It is a curious thing that, while these wealthy men who own papers set themselves up to criticize every kind of institution, they themselves are the one institution which is totally immune from criticism. They have the power not only of the press, but of the *sup*-press.

Dog Don't Eat Dog. That is one of the reasons why the London press is so very bad.

This remark, at least, has survived the trip across the Atlantic without serious loss of application, and if it does nothing else, *What I Said About the Press* will serve a useful purpose if it stimulates an American journalist to perform a similar operation on the press in this country.



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MOVIES

Black and White Trash

"**B**EAR IN MIND," said a voice, "that we're not interested here in the theme of this motion picture. We're showing it because it is the greatest motion picture that has ever been made, and so we think it ought to be shown. . . . This picture has five thousand scenes in it. It cost, in 1914 when it was made, half a million dollars to make it—today that would be 20 million dollars. A whole village was built for

The Birth of a Nation (D. W. Griffith).

it. 500,000 yards of white cloth were used. . . . The point of view, bear in mind, is that of the Southern white mind. No applause, please. . . . "*Birth of a Nation* was about to go on at the local "art" theatre.

We had paid \$1.50 which seemed, to this white mind anyway, rather a lot, even for pure art; but we were curious; so much fuss had been made about this film, not all of it artistic fuss. Francis

Hackett had come out strongly against it, calling the film "vicious and defamatory." (*New Republic*, March, 1915) "It degrades the censors that passed it, and the white race that endures it," Mr. Hackett wrote. Not at all, said the Reverend Dr. Thomas F. Gregory. "In this masterpiece of motion-picture production," he wrote in *The New York American*, "we may see some of the possibilities of the art as an educator of the human race. . . ." And what is more: "even those who dislike movies to the degree of 'moviephobia' go to see it." (James Shelley Hamilton, *Everybody's* magazine, April 1915) "While they are seeing it they thrill and wonder and are moved to tears . . . and when they come away they say, 'Well, if they were all like that!' The lights went out. "Swanee" began to play.

It is just before the Civil War, and we meet two families: the Northern Stonemans (Senator Phil Stoneman is "the most influential person in Washington") and their Southern relatives, the Camerons, who live in Piedmont, South Carolina, surrounded by every comfort and their happy happy slaves. The Stonemans presently pay a visit to Piedmont and almost immediately are taken to see the slave quarters: the occupants rush out to greet their masters, barely able to contain their delight, executing a jig, and being treated to—yes—a handshake from Mr. Cameron himself. But up North "trouble is brewing." Mr. Lincoln has become President. He signs the Emancipation Proclamation. War comes. The young men set down their juleps, and go off to fight. They fight beautifully—so beautifully that often the Northerners have to put down their guns to applaud them. Back in Piedmont, Southern womanhood is being magnificent too, making dresses out of curtains, starving, hiding in the cellar from the Yankees, and all that sort of thing. It's interesting to watch the birth of a cliché, but not really interesting enough. The war ends. "The little Colonel," as the Cameron's eldest son is called, comes home, tired but happy. "We will rebuild the

South," he assures his sisters and "the faithful souls" (two former slaves).

In Washington, meanwhile, the influential Phil Stoneman is having a *tele-a-tele* with President Lincoln. He is sticking out his lower lip and banging vociferously, though soundlessly on a table. "We must squash the South," the caption explains. "We must treat them like a conquered nation." Lincoln: "We will treat them as if they never were away." Stoneman turns toward the camera and makes a hideous moue

AND THEN comes the fateful evening of April 14, 1865. The President gets shot and so, consequently, do all the hopes of the South. "We have lost our only friend," says Mr. Cameron. Phil Stoneman promptly "gets into power" (how he does this is not explained), and proceeds to put through his "disasterous policies," i.e.: equality for Negroes. His henchman is a villainous looking mulatto called Joe Lynch. Stoneman and Lynch set up headquarters in Piedmont, from where they rule (and ruin) the whole South. As an illustration, a "historical facsimile" is shown of a session of the South Carolina State Legislature of 1866. One hundred and five of the 130 members are Negroes. The facsimile shows the legislators sprawling in their seats, taking swigs from whiskey bottles, gnawing chicken-bones and throwing them over their shoulder, playing harmonica . . . the camera pans over rows of idiotic smiling faces (this is the first film to have "perfected the close-up"). The caption drolly reads: "The legislature has just passed a motion that all members must wear shoes!"

"Tragedy is inevitable." Tragedy takes place in this manner: Gus, a young Negro, ("lust-crazed") has been hanging around the Cameron house, eyeing "little pet sister," an engaging girl blond, smiling, much given to jumping up and down for no reason at all. One day, disobeying her brother's orders, she goes out into the woods alone. Gus follows her. As she innocently plays with a chipmunk, he appears, grabs her by the arm, and asks her to marry him. She screams and flees. He chases her. She is trapped, finally, at the edge of a cliff. "Desist, or I'll jump." He advances. She jumps. "The little colonel" finds her, and she dies in his arms. "Fa

DON'T MISS

Gerald Johnson's The LUNATIC FRINGE

ADLAI STEVENSON, reviewing *THE LUNATIC FRINGE* for *The New Republic*, said "thank Heaven for Gerald Johnson," and called this new book about American visionaries and dissenters "highly amusing, often hilarious" and at the same time an expression of Gerald Johnson's serious concern "with whether we may ourselves become society's victims in the future."

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sweeter," read the caption, "were the portals of Heaven to little sister, than this outrage upon her Southern womanhood." ("Not one of the more than five thousand scenes that go to make up this wonderful drama is in any essential way an exaggeration," wrote Dr. Gregory. "They are one and all faithful to historic fact, so that looking upon them you may feel that you are beholding that which actually happened.")

The little colonel was by no means unprepared for doing right by little sister; a few weeks before, he had started an idealistic organization called the Ku Klux Klan. The idea had come to him as he sat one afternoon by the river side, musing about how uppity the Negroes had become, and how to put them in their places. Suddenly he catches sight of a piece of white cloth, being

blown along the ground by the wind. Some white children appear and get under it, and advance toward a group of black children. The black children scream with terror, and run away. The colonel, inspired, runs off to order the 500,000 yards of white cloth . . . Gus is caught and given "a trial." This time we did have a good laugh. The rest of the film is taken up with more of the same, ending in a wonderful triumph of Good over Evil.

Outside the theatre, a few blocks away, a civil rights bill, if not a very good one, was being passed; and a few blocks in the other direction, a movie, called *I Was a Teenage Werewolf* was being played; but I couldn't help feeling cheerful and comfortably certain that, film-wise and otherwise, we have come rather a long way.

JANET WINN

RECORDS

Moderns on Records

THE COLUMBIA RECORD, ML-5157, with the complete score of Copland's *Appalachian Spring* and a suite from *Billy the Kid* brought to mind a recent letter from a reader who contended that these and Copland's other "American" pieces that used American popular or folk music were mere entertainment contrived by a man of talent who "deliberately sought out easily cashed compositional gimmicks," and that it was in works like the *Short Symphony* and the *Piano Variations* that one heard the personal, intimate and honestly spoken music . . . of ultimate worth of the real Copland." But I hear in *Music for the Theater*, which preceded the *Piano Variations* and *Short Symphony*, and in *Billy the Kid*, which came after them, something similar to the play of Stravinsky's mind with borrowed materials and styles—similar in that it has the impress of Copland's own mind, that this mind is really working, and that it is working with care and precision. And my own belief is that it is working in fulfillment of spontaneous creative impulse, and that this is Copland's "honestly spoken music," whereas works like the stony *Piano Variations*, or the *Short Symphony* with its frenetic manipulation of

jagged motifs in the fast movements and its distorted lyricism in the slow movement, represent self-conscious attempts at the "modern" writing Copland thought he must do to qualify as a serious composer.

A recording of *Billy the Kid* is, then, decidedly something to have in one's collection. But not this Columbia re-with the Philadelphia Orchestra, which omits some of the loveliest music in the score, to make room on the record for a slow performance that seems to linger lovingly over each of its ravishing sounds and prettified phrases. The record to acquire is Capitol P-8238, with the performance by Joseph Levine and a Ballet Theater orchestra, though unfortunately it has William Schuman's music for *Undertow* on the reverse side.

SEVERAL other American composers have had works presented to the public on records. Columbia ML-5185 offers William Schuman's *Credendum*, commissioned by the United States National Commission through the Department of State, and Leon Kirchner's *Piano Concerto*, commissioned by the Koussevitzky Foundation and recorded under the auspices of the Naumburg

Foundation; and the Fromm Music Foundation's Twentieth Century Composers Series offers Kirchner's *Trio* for violin, cello and piano and his *Sonata Concertante* for violin and piano on Epic LC-3306; Jerome Rosen's *String Quartet No. 1* and the Turkish composer Ilhan Usmanbas' *String Quartet* on Epic LC-3333; Benjamin Lees' *String Quartet No. 1* and William Denny's *String Quartet No. 2* on Epic LC-3325.

Here I remember Edmund Wilson's statement once about a novelist—that what she wanted other people to know she imparted to them by creating an object, the self-developing organism of a work of prose. What a composer wants other people to know he too imparts by creating an object, the self-developing organism of a work of musical sound. And the pieces by Kirchner and the others demonstrate these composers' ability to put sounds together into objects of size and elaborate organization; but to my ears the pieces are in their various ways unattractive or ugly merely as objects, and do not communicate any understandable musical meaning. Mr. Fromm and the people like him are right in believing in the primary importance of the composer and therefore in encouraging composers to write by commissioning works and sponsoring their performance, publication and recording. But as intelligent people they undoubtedly know their history: that of the hundreds of composers who were encouraged to write late in the 18th Century by the aristocratic patronage of that period, only a bare handful produced music which the world continued and continues to value. And so they

Notes on Contributors

ROBERT C. TUCKER was formerly an attaché at the United States Embassy in Moscow. BASS YARLING is an ex-newspaperman. JOHN L. STEELE is a Washington news magazine correspondent. JANET WINN frequently writes on films for NR.

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probably are not surprised or discouraged by the results of their enlightened support thus far.

Of the orchestral standard repertory, one of Haydn's finest symphonies, No. 92 ("Oxford"), and No. 86, another fine work, are paced and shaped well by Caracciolo with the Scarlatti Orchestra of Naples on Angel 35235. Also, Mozart's exquisite Symphony K.201 and his engaging Serenade K.320 ("Post-horn") are played well by Van Beinum and the Concertgebouw Orchestra on Epic LC-3354. And Bach's Violin Concertos in A minor and E, two of his better instrumental works, are played excellently by Grumiaux with the Guller Chamber Orchestra on Epic LC-3342 (the sharp orchestral sound with high-fidelity equipment requires reduction of treble).

As for less familiar music, two works of Boccherini as fine as the quartets and quintets I mentioned last time are the Symphonies in C minor and A played by Caraccioli and the Scarlatti Orchestra on Angel 35384. And excitingly individual and energetic are the Symphonies Nos. 1 in D and 3 in F of Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach performed well by De Froment and his chamber orchestra on Angel 35338, which offers also the well-known and engaging Symphony in B flat of Johann Christian Bach and an uninteresting Symphony in D minor by W. F. Bach.

On Angel 35253 I Musici, one of the Italian chamber groups that have astounded us with their incandescent execution, tone, phrasing and style, offers the well-known Concerto Grosso No. 11 in D minor from Vivaldi's *L'Estro Armonico* and three fine unfamiliar pieces: Vivaldi's Concerto in A for viola d'amore, Corelli's Concerto Grosso Op. 6 No. 1, and Martini's Concerto in F for harpsichord. On Epic LC-3343 the same group plays the Violin Con-

certos Nos. 5 to 8 of Vivaldi's *Il Cimento dell' Armonia e dell' Invenzione*, of which Nos. 1 to 4 are the well-known *Four Seasons*. And on Epic LC-3264 it plays several of Corelli's Concerti Grossi Op. 6. I strongly recommend all of these.

B. H. HAGGIN

A Communication

(Continued from page 3)

(in pre-Salk vaccine days) three, and blindness two.

For centuries in Western civilization the retarded child has been the "idiot"—one "set apart," often the butt of the practical joke and sometimes the unwitting foil of unscrupulous persons in sideshows or in crime.

No outsider can fully comprehend the despair into which parents of retarded children are so often cast. As one father relates on receiving the fatal news: "The earth seemed to rise up around me and the heavens seemed about to crash upon my head. A Mongoloid child!" Pearl Buck, the most articulate parent of a "child who never grew," puts it in these words:

There is more than pride gone, there is an actual sense of one's life being cut off in the child. The stream of generations is stopped. Death would be far easier to bear, for death is final. How often did I cry out in my heart that it would be better if my child died! If that shocks you who have not known, it will not shock those who do know. I would have welcomed death for my child and would still welcome it, for then she would be finally safe.

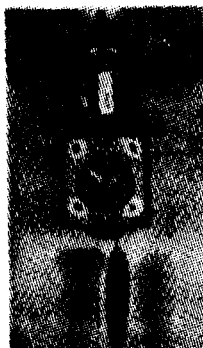
In the past, often by choice, parents have carried their crushing burden alone. They endured the stigma of public school rejection of their children as "non-educable" and "non-trainable."

They felt the apprehension and suspicion of their neighbors who believed, knowing no better, that retardation was the mark of "black heredity." The retarded children were shunned by their "normal" playmates and entire families found themselves isolated from the daily life of the neighborhood. Grover F. Powers, an eminent pediatrician in the field of mental retardation, places some of the blame for this situation on his medical colleagues: the physician untrained in needed special skills is often brusque and, as the result of his own inadequacies, leaves the family with crushing feelings of guilt. "Is it any wonder," Dr. Powers asks, "that in families of retarded children there occur divorces, suicides and mental illness attributable to unresolved problems associated with their unfortunate child?"

BUT PARENTS of retarded children are caught in a web of their own making too, for many of them believe in "old wives' tales." Even today, when it is becoming generally known that at least 70 known or suspected diseases or mishaps, occurring either before or during birth or in early childhood, are responsible for mental retardation, many parents still hide from public view living evidence of the family's "bad blood."

To illustrate, in recent years a New York State law has offered generous funds to local public schools if they establish classes for "trainable" (I.Q. below 50) retarded children. But to qualify for state aid, a local school has to finance these classes for one year out of local funds and with a minimum of 10 pupils per class. Many school boards did not know of a sufficient number of "trainable" retardates in their districts to qualify for state aid. Three years ago, when a class opened in New Rochelle, only three "known" trainable retardates enrolled—but today there are 22.

Why did this "break-through" in the paralyzing spell of shame and silence occur during the past few years and not in the early forties, thirties or twenties? The reason, it seems to me, is that Victorian reticence has given way to freer discussion and inquiry. Mental illness and emotional disturbances are being accepted as "common" weaknesses. Furthermore, the public is learning more about many illnesses—muscular dystrophy, cerebral palsy, heart disease,



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multiple sclerosis. Moreover, since its formation in 1950, the National Association for Retarded Children (NARC) has expanded to more than 500 local and state units with a membership of nearly 50,000.

In 1956, for the first time in its history, the US Department of Health, Education and Welfare called together representatives of public and private agencies to discuss a comprehensive national attack on the problem of retarded children. Congress, too, has begun to shoulder some of the responsibility, appropriating \$3.5 million in the last budget for the retarded children program. This sum included \$2 million for Children's Bureau diagnostic and treatment clinics; \$675,000 for Office of Education research conducted jointly with universities and state departments of education, and \$750,000 to the National Institutes of Health. Congress also provided for Social Security benefits to beneficiaries with severely handicapped children over the age of 18.

But important as this national effort is, it is locally where groundbreaking work can now be observed. Take, for example, Westchester County in New York. In 1951 a group of parents in Pelham started with one teacher, three children and a substantial mortgage on a rambling frame house located, literally, by the railroad tracks. Six years later there is still plenty of the faith that launched this venture and there are also nine teachers, 60 pupils and a reduced mortgage. The school consists of two nursery classes, a kindergarten where special emphasis is placed on speech development, and a class for the "doubly" handicapped — children

not only mentally retarded but perhaps also crippled, emotionally disturbed, or suffering from cerebral palsy. There are also classes for age groups 10-13 and 13-16, where very simple reading and number work is taught. Here, the children can become adjusted and purposeful, no longer subjected to the morale-eroding competition with normal children which can only lead to continual frustration and failure. Three retired Rockettes teach tap, square and ballroom dancing. But the cost for the parents of these children could not be borne by most parents: for a full-day course, fees go as high as \$80 per month.

Special schools, however, are not the only requirement. Parents need diagnostic clinics where they can bring their children for professional analysis. In the absence of such clinics, parents are tempted or forced to solicit help, often at great expense, from a variety of professional and non-professional individuals and institutions. Before very long they are not only in financial trouble, but thoroughly confused as well by the conflict of opinion they hear.

Community clinics staffed by competent personnel are a "must." Yet in all of the United States, there are not more than 20 such specialized centers, such as the pioneering clinic at Manhattan's Flower-Fifth Avenue Hospital, or the Morris J. Solomon Clinic at the Brooklyn Jewish Hospital.

The inescapable fact is that for all parents, teachers, and social workers may do to point the way, only the community at large can answer with adequate action the problem of mental retardation. Clinics, residential centers, special schools and training workshops for the mentally retarded must become as real to us as the better advertised benefits made possible by the March of Dimes and Christmas seals.

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